

57/134

C O N C E R T
O F
A N T I E N T M U S I C,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
ROOMS IN TOTTENHAM-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.



(No. 1.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF SANDWICH,
FOR LORD VISCOUNT DUDLEY AND WARD.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1788.

A C T I.

OVERTURE (<i>Atalanta</i> .)	<i>Handel.</i>
SCENE in SEMELE.	<i>Handel.</i>
RECITATIVE. Tho' hard, my friends.	} <i>Theodora.</i> <i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Fond, flatt'ring World, adieu.	
CONCERTO. Select Harmony.	<i>Geminani.</i>
RECITATIVE. O worse than death,	} <i>Theodora.</i> <i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Angels, ever bright,	
ANTHEM. Hear my Prayer.	<i>Kent.</i>
CHORUS. How excellent. (<i>Saul</i> .)	<i>Handel.</i>

A C T II.

OVERTURE 8th.	<i>Boyce.</i>
TE DEUM.	<i>Purcell.</i>
RECITATIVE. Vaghe sponde felice	} <i>Castor, e Polluce. Trajetta.</i>
SONG. Cara se le mie pene	
7th CONCERTO.	<i>Corelli.</i>
DUET and CHORUS. Caro Bella. (<i>Julius Cæsar</i> .)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Intendo il tuo timore.	<i>Hasse.</i>
CHORUS. Gird on thy sword, (<i>Saul</i> .)	<i>Handel.</i>

THESE ARE THE TERMS OF THE
CONTRACT MADE BETWEEN THE
PARTIES TO THE CONTRACT

CONTRACT OF SALE
OF
LAND

THIS CONTRACT OF SALE
MADE THIS 10th DAY OF
MAY 1900

BETWEEN THE FOLLOWING PARTIES
TO WIT: THE SELLER
AND THE BUYER

THE SELLER OF THE PART
OF THE LAND
KNOWN AS

THE LAND OF THE
PART OF THE LAND
KNOWN AS

THE LAND OF THE
PART OF THE LAND
KNOWN AS

THE LAND OF THE
PART OF THE LAND
KNOWN AS

A C T I.

S C E N E in S E M E L E. *Handel.*

S O N G. Mr. HARRISON.

SEE, the blushing turns her eyes ;
See, with sighs her bosom panting :
If from love those sighs arise,
Nothing to my bliss is wanting.

A Four-Part S O N G.

Cadm. Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,
And all our solemn rites prophane ?
Can he or she thy woes relieve,
Or I ? Of whom dost thou complain ?

Ino. Of all ; but all, I fear, in vain.

Atba. Can I thy woes relieve ?

Semele. Can I assuage thy pain ?

Atba. } Of whom dost thou complain ?
Cad. }

Ino. Of all ; but all, I fear, in vain.

(Thunder is heard, and the Fire is extinguished on the Altar.)

C H O R U S o f P R I E S T S.

Avert these omens, all ye pow'rs !
 Some god, averse, our holy rites controls;
 O'erwhelm'd with sudden night the day expires !
 Ill-boding thunder on the right hand rolls;
 And Jove himself descends in show'rs
 To quench our late propitious fires.

R E C I T. Signora S T O R A C E.

Though hard, my friends, yet wholesome are the truths
 Taught in affliction's school, whence the pure soul
 Rises refin'd and soars above the world.

A I R.

Fond flatt'ring world, adieu !
 Thy gaily smiling pow'r,
 Empty treasures,
 Fleeting pleasures,
 Ne'er shall tempt or charm me more ;
 Faith inviting,
 Hope delighting,
 Nobler joys we now pursue.

R E C I T. Madame M A R A. *Handel.*

O worse than death, indeed!—Lead me, ye guards,
Lead me or to the rack, or to the flames;—
I'll thank your gracious mercy.

S O N G.

Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white.

A N T H E M. *Kent.*

D U E T. The Miss A B R A M S.

Hear my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my
petition.

A I R.

Take heed unto me, and hear me, how I mourn in my prayer,
and am vexed.

R E C I T A T I V E.

My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is
fallen upon me.

D U E T and C H O R U S.

Then I said, O that I had wings like a dove, then would I
flee away, and be at rest.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

How excellent thy name, O Lord,
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy throne!

A I R. Madame M A R A.

An infant rais'd by thy command,
To quell thy rebel foes,
Could fierce Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppose.

T R I O C H O R U S.

Along the monster atheist strode,
With more than human pride;
And armies of the living God,
Exulting in his strength defy'd.

(9)

C H O R U S.

The youth inspir'd by thee, O Lord,
With ease the boaster flew;
Our fainting courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious crew.

F U L L C H O R U S.

How excellent thy name, O Lord,
In all the earth is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne!

H A L L E L U J A H.

A C T II.

T E D E U M.

WE praise thee, O God : we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee : the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud : the heavens and all the powers
therein.

To the cherubin and seraphim continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of sabaoth,

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty : of thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles : praise thee;

The goodly fellowship of the prophets : praise thee;

The noble army of martyrs : praise thee;

The holy church throughout all the world : doth acknowledge
thee;

The Father of an infinite majesty;

Thine honourable, true : and only son;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the king of glory : O Christ;

Thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man : thou didst not
abhor the virgin's womb;

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death : thou didst
open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou fittest at the right hand of God : in the glory of the
Father.

We believe that thou shalt come : to be our judge;

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants : whom thou hast
redeemed with thy precious blood;

Make them to be numbered with thy saints : in glory ever-
lasting.

O Lord, save thy people : and bless thine heritage ;

Govern them : and lift them up for ever.

Day by day : we magnify thee ;

And we worship thy name : ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy upon us;

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us : as our trust is in thee;

O Lord, in thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.

RECITATIVE. Signora STORACE.

Vaghe sponde felice amene felse
 Placido iel ridente aure ferene
 E quando oh Dio qui pace avro
 Così fin dove Regna.
 La fortunata liberta' del' alme
 Le catene d'amor sentir io deggio
 Oh del' amato mio perduto bene
 Troppo fatal memoria, e troppo Cara.
 Ombra amante qua giù teco m'aggiro
 Per te sempre sospiro in compagnia
 Delle mie dolce pene.
 In questo amabil regno degli eterni riposi
 Amor non mi abbandona
 Amor in ogni parte mi fa vedere
 L'amato oggetto impresso e voi fede d'Eliso
 Che da me il dividete
 No, care e belle ogli occhi miei non fiete.

S O N G.

Cara se le mie pene
 Tutte scordar mi fai
 Non separarti mai
 Da questo amante cor.

DUET and CHORUS. The Miss ABRAMS.

Cleo } *Caro,*
Ces } *Bella,*

Handel.

Più amabile beltà
Mai non si troverà
Del tuo bel volto.

In me } Non splenderà
In te } Ne amor ne fedelta

Da te } Disciolto.
Da me }

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Ritorni ormai nel nostro Core
La bella Gioia ed'il piacer.
Sgombrato é il sen d'ogni dolore
Ciascun ritorni ora a goder.

D U E T.

Un bel contento il sen già si prepara
Se tu sarai costante ogn'or per me,
Così forti dal cor la doglia amara
E sol vi resta amor, Costanza, è fè.

Da Capo Chorus.

SONG. Madame M A R A.

Hasse.

Intendo il tuo timore,
Comprendo anche il tuo amore
Ma, fidati ben mio
Alla mia fedelta.
Dell' amor tuo l'ardore
Da forza a questo core,
E sempre l'amor mio
A te fedel fara.

C H O R U S,

Gird on thy sword, thou man of might,
Pursue thy wonted fame ;
Go on, be prosperous in fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew name.
Thy strong right hand, with terror arm'd,
Shall thy obdurate foes dismay ;
While others, by thy virtue charm'd,
Shall crowd to own thy righteous sway.

END OF THE FIRST CONCERT.

(No. 2.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
LORD VISCOUNT FITZWILLIAM.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

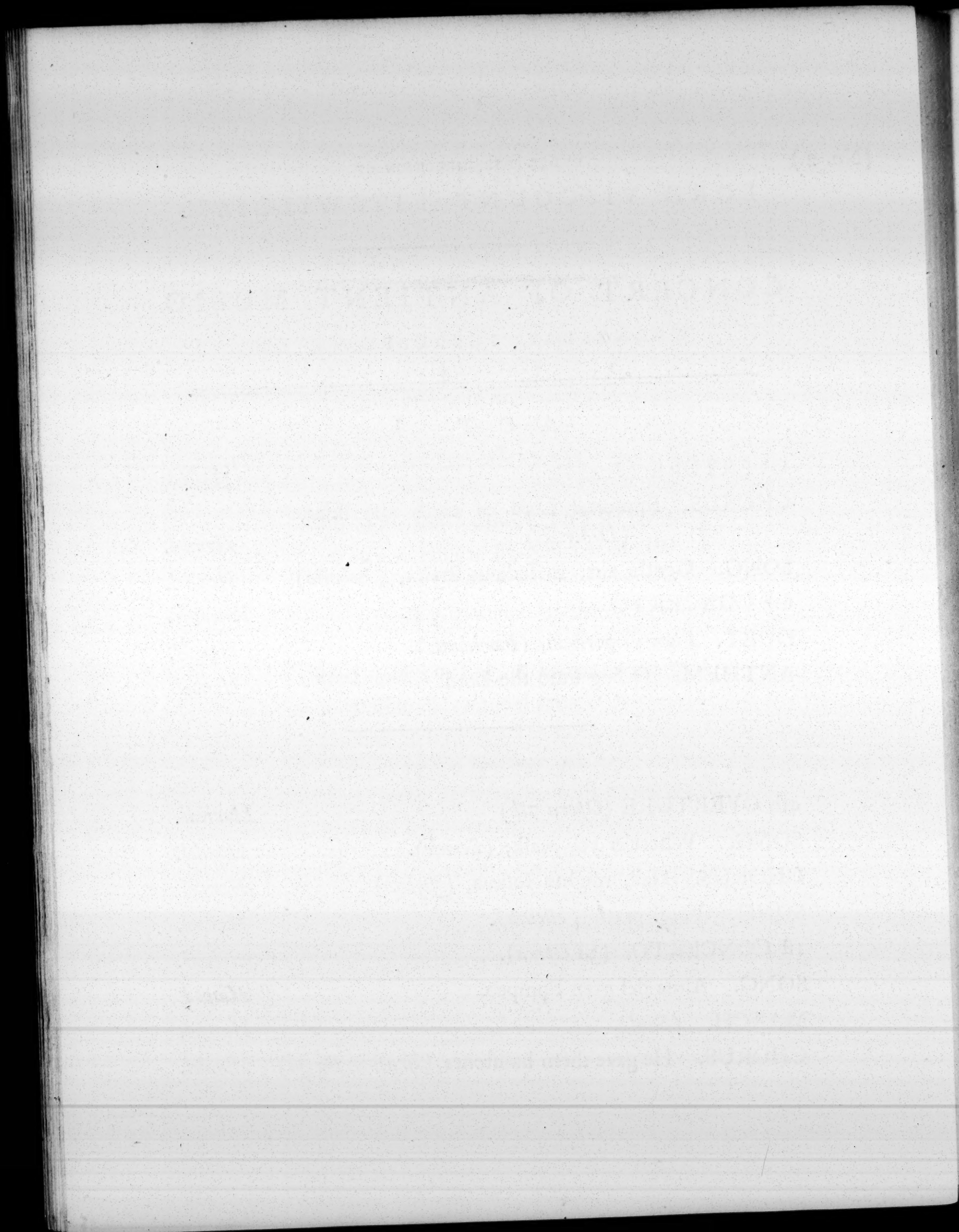
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13th, 1788.

A C T I.

- OVERTURE (*Samfon*). *Handel.*
CHORUS. Immortal Lord of earth and fkies,
(*Deborab.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Gentle airs, melodious ftrains, (*Athalia*). *Handel.*
6th CONCERTO. *Ricciotti.*
DUET. Fuor di periglio, (*Floridante*). *Handel.*
ANTHEM. O fmg unto the Lord. *Handel.*
-

A C T II.

- 4th OVERTURE (*Opera 7th*) *Martini.*
SONG. Where'er you walk, (*Semele*). *Handel.*
CHORUS. Hail, mighty Jofhua, (*Jofhua*). *Handel.*
SONG. Verdi prati, (*Alcina*). *Handel.*
1ft CONCERTO, (*3d Opera*). *Geminiani.*
SONG. Alma del gran Pompeo. *Hand l.*
MARCH. (*Saul*). *Handel.*
CHORUS. He gave them hailftones, (*Ifrael in Egypt*). *Handel.*



A C T I.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

IMMORTAL Lord of earth and skies,
 Whose wonders all around us rise ;
 Whose anger, when it awful glows,
 To swift perdition dooms thy foes ;
 O grant a leader to our host,
 Whose name with honour we may boast ;
 Whose conduct may our cause maintain,
 And break our proud oppressor's chain.

S O N G. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Handel.

Gentle airs, melodious strains,
 Call for raptures out of woe ;
 Lull the regal mourner's pains,
 Sweetly soothe her as you flow.

Da Capo.

(4)

D U E T. Miss A B R A M S. *Handel.*

Timante } Fuor di periglio
Rossane } De fiero Artiglio
Colombe amate
Saremo allor
Accompagnate
Da un Sol Consiglio
Innamorate
Da un Solo ardor.

A N T H E M. *Handel.*

A I R and C H O R U S.

O sing unto the Lord a new song ; O sing unto the Lord all
the whole earth.

C H O R U S.

Declare his honour unto the heathen, and his wonders unto
all people. For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be
praised ; he is more to be feared than all gods.

A I R. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

The waves of the sea rage horribly ; but yet the Lord who
dwells on high is mightier.

(5)

DUET. Signora STORACE and Mr. HARRISON.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

C H O R U S.

Let all the whole earth stand in awe of him. Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad ; let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

B

A C T II.

S O N G. Madame M A R A. *Handel.*

WHERE'ER you walk cool gales shall fan the glade ;
Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade :
Where'er you tread the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eys.

Da Capo.

JOSHUA, CALEB, OTHNIEL, ACHSAH, &c.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

Hail, mighty Joshua, hail ! thy name
Shall soar into immortal fame.
Our children's children shall rehearse
Thy deeds in never-dying verse ;
And grateful marbles raise to thee,
Great guardian of our liberty !

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E. *Handel.*

Verdi prati, e felve amene
Perderete la beltà.
Vaghe fior, correnti Rivi,
La vaghezza, la bellezza
Presto in voi si cangerà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto
All'orror del primo aspetto
Tutto in voi ritornera.

R E C I T. Madame M A R A. *Handel.*

Alma del gran Pompeo
Che al cener suo d'intorno,
Invisibil t'aggiri,
Fur umbra i tuoi trofei,
Ombra la tua grandezza, e un ombra sei,
Così termina al fine il fasto umano ;
Ier chi vivo occupò un mondo in guerra,
Oggi rivolto in polve un urna ferra.
Tal di ciascuno, ah! lasso !
Il principio è di terra, e il fine un fasso.
Misera vita ! o quanto è fral tuo stato,
Ti formo un soffio, e ti distrigge un fiato.

(8)

A R I A.

Affanni del pensier
Un sol momento.
Datemi pace almen
E poi tornate.
Ah che nel mesto sen
Io già vi sento
Che ostinati la pace
A me turbate.

C H O R U S.

He gave them hailstones for rain ; fire, mingled with the hail,
ran along upon the ground.

THE END OF THE SECOND CONCERT.

(No. 3.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BART.
FOR LORD GREY DE WILTON.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1788.

A C T I.

OVERTURE 8th. (<i>Opera 7^{ma}</i>)	<i>Martini.</i>
DUET. O what pleasures. (<i>Alexander Balus.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. Then shall they know. (<i>Samson.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO 2d.	<i>Corelli.</i>
SONG. V'è un infelice. (<i>Imeneo.</i>) [<i>From the Collection of the Rev. Mr. Granville.</i>]	<i>Handel.</i>
ANTHEM. O come let us sing.	<i>Handel.</i>

A. C T II.

CONCERTO, 4th Hautboy.	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Sorprender mi Vorresti.	<i>Hasse.</i>
INTRODUCTION and CHORUS. Ye sons of Israel. (<i>Josbua.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Io di mia man. (<i>Alcide al Bevio.</i>)	<i>Hasse.</i>
CONCERTO 1st. (<i>from Solos.</i>)	<i>Geminiani.</i>
RECIT. For joys so vast.	} (<i>Jephtha.</i>) <i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Happy they.	
CHORUS. Let their cœlestial concerts. (<i>Samson.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
FOR THE YEAR 1900-1901

CHICAGO

1901

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

A C T I.

D U E T. Miss A B R A M S. *Handel.*

O WHAT pleasures past expressing
Flow from pure and constant love;
All is joy, and all is blessing,
Which the circling hours improve.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

Then shall they know, that he whose name
Jehovah is alone,
O'er all the earth but one,
Was ever the Most High, and still the same.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

V' è un infelice,
Che per te more,
E mesta dice,
Ama chi t'ama.
Per ch'il tuo Core
Tutto si strugge
Per chi ti fugge,
Folle ti chiama.

Da Capo.

A N T H E M.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

O come let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and shew ourselves glad in him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great king above all gods.

A I R. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Come let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker ; for he is the Lord our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

C H O R U S.

Glory and worship are before him, power and honour are in his sanctuary.

A I R. Mr. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is king, and that he made the world so fast that it cannot be moved.

A I R. Signora S T O R A C E.

O magnify the Lord, and worship him upon his holy hill, for the Lord our God is holy.

A I R. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

The Lord preserveth the souls of his saints ; he shall deliver them from the ungodly.

C H O R U S.

There is sprung up a light for the righteous, and joyful gladness for such as are true of heart. Rejoice in the Lord ye righteous.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T , II.

S O N G. Madame M A R A.

Hasse.

Sorprender mi vorresti
Nume dell'alma im belli
Ma invano a me favelli
Nume non sei per me
All'alma mia disciolta
Invancatene appresti
Fra i suoi rigori involta
Schernò fara dite.

I N T R O D U C T I O N and C H O R U S. *Handel.*

Ye sons of Israel, every tribe attend,
Let grateful songs and hymns to heaven ascend ;
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's banks, proclaim
One First, one Great, one Lord Jehovah's name.

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E. *Allegro.*

Io di mia man la fronte

T'adornerò d' allori,

Terger nei bei sudori

Io di mia man saprò,

Piane le vie scoscelse,

Certe le dubbie imprese,

Piacevoli gli affanni

Sempre ti renderò.

Da Capo.

R E C I T. Madame M A R A. *Handel.*

For joys so vast, too little is the price

Of one poor life ——— But oh! accept it heav'n,

A grateful victim, and thy blessings still

Pour on my country, friends, and dearest father.

S O N G. Madame M A R A. *Handel.*

Happy they; this vital breath

With content I shall resign,

And not murmur or repine,

Sinking in the arms of death.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

Let their celestial concerts all unite,

Ever to sound his praise, in endless blaze of light.

THE END OF THE THIRD CONCERT.

(No. 4.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BART.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1788.

A C T I.

CONCERTO. (*From the Earl of Aylesford's Collection.*)

SONG. Oft on a plat. (*L' Allegro.*)

DUET. Joys, in gentle trains. } (*Athalia.*)

CHORUS. The mighty power.

2d. GRAND CONCERTO.

RECIT. Hence vain deluding.

SONG. But O! sad virgin.

SONG. Let me wander.

SONG. Or let the merry bells.

CHORUS. The young and old.

(*L' Allegro.*)

A C T II.

OVERTURE. (*Alexander Severus.*)

SONG. Dite Pace. (*Sofarmes.*)

CHORUS. Come mighty Father. (*Theodora.*)

SONG. Il cor mio.

2d. SYMPHONY. (*Solomon.*)

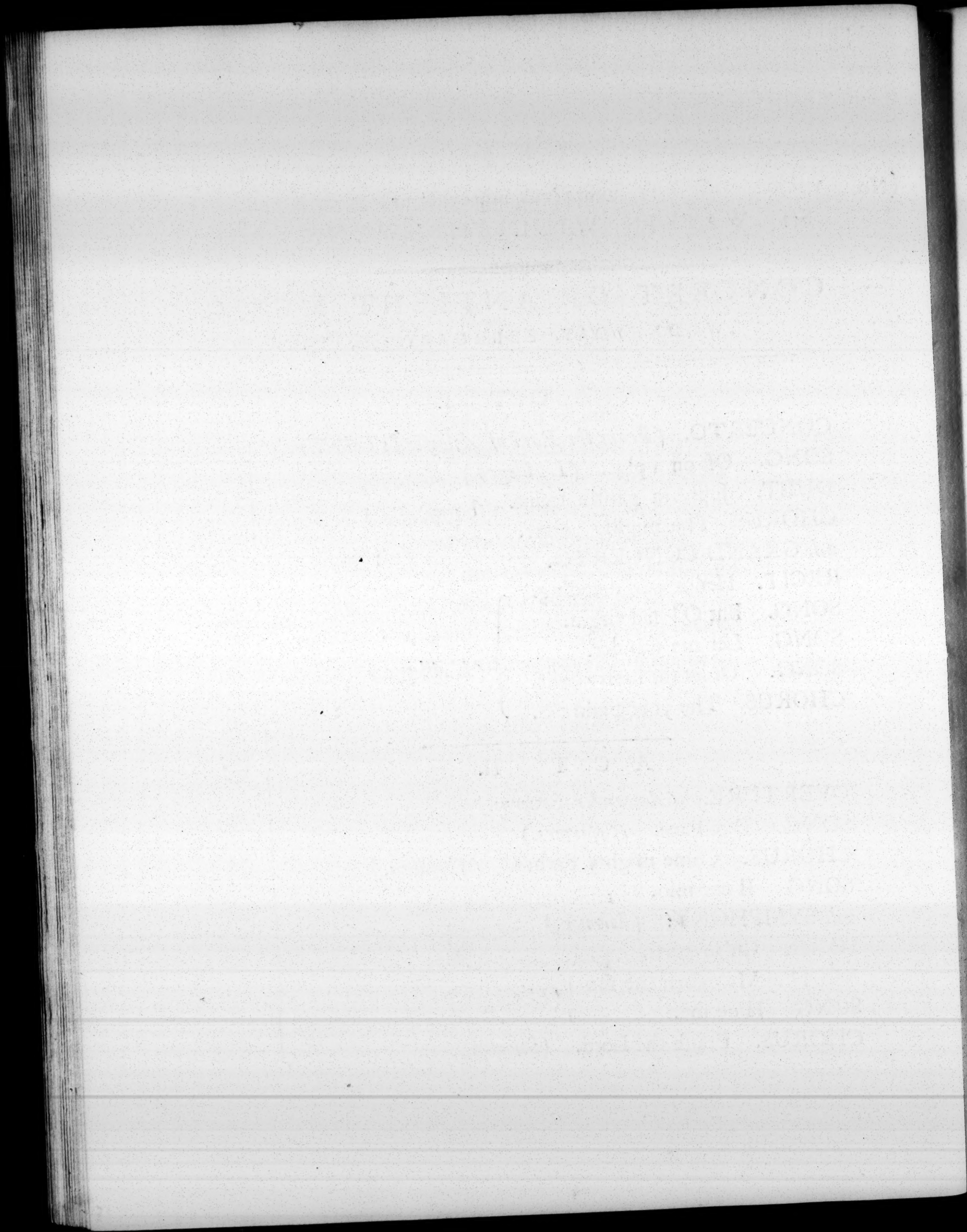
SONG. Ch'io parti.

RECIT. Me, when the sun. } (*L' Allegro.*)

SONG. Hide me.

CHORUS. Praise the Lord. (*Solomon.*)

H A N D E L.



A C T I.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

OF on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
O'er some wide water'd shore
Swinging slow, with fullen roar ;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

DUET. Miss ABRAMS. *Handel.*

Joys, in gentle trains appearing,
Heav'n does to my fair impart :
And, to make them more endearing,
I shall share them with thy heart.
Softer joys would but deceive me,
Hadst not thou thy happy part ;
O my dearest lord, believe me,
Thou shalt share them with my heart.

CHORUS

(4)

C H O R U S.

Handel.

The mighty pow'r, in whom we trust,
Is ever to his promise just;
He makes this sacred day appear
The pledge of a propitious year.

R E C I T. Mr. P A R R Y.

Rejoice, O Judah, this triumphant day,
Let all the goodness of our God display;
Whose mercies to the wond'ring world declare,
His chosen people are his chosen care.

C H O R U S.

Give glory to his awful name,
Let ev'ry voice his praise proclaim.

R E C I T. Signora S T O R A C E.

Hence! vain deluding joys,
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

S O N G.

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E. *Handel.*

But O! sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.

S O N G. Miss A B R A M S.

Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green:
There the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

S O N G. Miss T. A B R A M S.

Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade.

C H O R U S.

(6)

C H O R U S.

And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail.
Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd to sleep.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SONG. Madame M A R A. *Handel.*

DITE Pace e fulminate
Crudi cieli! Or che farete
Quando Guerra a noi direte?
Che fara, se vi sdegnate
Stelle fiere! se placate
Così rigide voi fiete.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

Come, mighty Father, mighty Lord,
With love our souls inspire,
While grace and truth flow from thy word
And feed the holy fire.

SONG.

SONG. Signora STORACE.

Handel.

Il cor mio che già per te
Tutte amore e tutto fe
Con più gloria tornera
Ma non già
Più amoroso a più fedel
Per mercede per onor
Dell' affettoe del valor
Spera sol che tua belta
Gli sarà men ritrosa
E men crudel.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

Ch' io parti! sì crudele
Parto, ma senza cor.
Che nel mio sen fedele
Nel luogo ov'era il cor
E il mio dolor.

RECIT. Madame MARRA.

Handel.

Me, when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves;
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner's eye may look.

AIR.

A I R.

Hide me from day's garish eye;
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 Which at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eyelids laid.
 Then, as I awake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath;
 Sent by some spirit to mortal's good,
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

C H O R U S.

Praise the Lord with harp and tongue;
 Praise him all ye old and young,
 He's in mercy ever strong.
 Praise the Lord through ev'ry state;
 Praise him early, praise him late;
 God alone is good and great.

THE END.

(No. 5.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5th, 1788.

A C T I.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Alcina.</i>)	Handel.
SONG.	As with rosy steps. (<i>Theodora.</i>)	Handel.
TRIO.	Like a bright cherub. (<i>Gideon.</i>)	Handel.
RECIT.	Behold the nations.	{ Handel.
CHORUS.	O Baal.	
RECIT.	No more.	
CHORUS.	Lord of Eternity.	{ Handel.
Second HAUTBOY CONCERTO.		Handel.
SONG.	Se possono tanto.	Bach.
SONG.	Return, O God of Hosts. (<i>Samson.</i>)	Handel.
GLORIA PATRI.	(<i>Jubilate.</i>)	Handel.

A C T II.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Richard the First.</i>)	Handel.
SONG.	Ferma Alcide.	Hasse.
SONG.	Jehovah is my shield. (<i>Occasional Oratorio.</i>)	Handel.
CHORUS.	Venus laughing. (<i>Theodora.</i>)	Handel.
SONG.	Cara ti lascio Addio.	Hasse.
CONCERTO	8th.	Corelli.
RECIT. and SONG.	Ye sacred priests. (<i>Jephtha.</i>)	Handel.
CHORUS.	Fix'd in his everlasting seat. (<i>Samson.</i>)	Handel.

A C T I.

SONG. Miss ABRAMS. *Handel.*

AS with rosy steps the morn
Advancing, drives the shades of night,
So, from virtuous toils well-borne,
Raise Thou our hopes of endless light.
Triumphant Saviour! Lord of Day!
Thou art the Life, the Light, the Way!

TRIO. Signora STORACE, Miss T. ABRAMS,
and Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

GIDEON.

Like a bright cherub, some mortal befriending,
Mercy now glides from th' empyreal throne;
Hope, her wing'd herald, glad omens portending
With joy and blessing this conquest to crown.

OREB.

OREB.

Great is the victor, all rancour resigning,
 Raifing the conquer'd with unlook'd for joy;
 To the sweet dictates of mercy inclining,
 When fate vouchsafes him to destroy.

ISRAELITE.

Thus, when the night, all in darkness involving,
 Holds for awhile her disconsolate reign,
 Sol's radiant beams the thick vapours dissolving,
 Burst through the gloom, and give daylight again.

RECIT. Mr. PARRY.

Handel.

Behold the nations all around,
 What god like Baal is renoun'd?
 To him your stubborn tribes would bow
 Did but the slaves their duty know.

CHORUS!

(5)

C H O R U S.

Handel.

O Baal ! monarch of the skies !
To whom unnumber'd temples rise !
From thee the sun, immensely bright,
Receiv'd it's radiant robes of light :
By thee with stars the heavens glow,
The ocean swells, and rivers flow;
The vales with verdure are array'd,
The flow'rs perfume the thicket's shade :
And 'tis, by the event, confess'd
Thy votaries alone are bless'd.

R E C I T. Mr. P A R R Y.

No more ! ye infidels, no more !
False is the god whom ye adore ;
A dull, brute idol, whose detested shrine
None but such wretches can believe divine.

C H O R U S.

Lord of Eternity ! who hast in store
Plagues for the proud, and mercy for the poor ;
Look down ! look down from thy celestial throne
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known !
Plead thy just cause, thy awful pow'r disclose,
Avenge thy servants, and confound their foes !

B

S O N G.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

Bach.

Se possono tante,
Due luci vezzose,
Son degne di pianto,
Le furie gelose,
D'un alma infelice,
D'un povero cor.
S' accenda un momento
Chi sgrida chi dice
Che vanno e' il tormento
Che ingiusto e' il ti mor'.

Dal Segno.

SONG. Signora STORACE.

Handel.

Return, O God of Hosts ! behold
Thy servant in distress,
His mighty griefs redress,
Nor by the heathen be they told.

CHORUS.

(7)

C H O R U S.

Handel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

C

A C T II.

S O N G. Madame M A R A.

Hasse.

FERMA Alcide arreſta i paſſi
Fra que tronchi, fra què faſſi
Ah non porri incauto il pie.

S O N G. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Handel.

Jehovah is my ſhield, my glory ;
Him thro' my ſtory
Th' exalter of my head I count :
Aloud I cry'd,
He ſoon reply'd,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and ſlept, and wak'd again ;
The Lord himſelf did me ſuſtain.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

Venus, laughing from the skies,
Will applaud her votaries:
When seizing the treasure,
We revel in pleasure,
And revenge sweet love supplies.

RECIT. Signora S T O R A C E.

Hasse.

Cara ti lascio Addio
Piu non ti vedro
Ah che a dolor si rio
Resistere non puo
La mia costanza.

RECIT. Madame M A R A.

Handel.

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were stain'd
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call
Of Heav'n with humble resignation I obey.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Farewell ye limpid springs and floods,
 Ye flow'ry meads, and mazy woods;
 Farewell thou busy world, where reign
 Short hours of joy, and years of pain:
 Brighter scenes I seek above
 In the realms of peace and love.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

Fix'd in his everlasting seat,
 Jehovah rules the world in state.
 Great Dagon rules the world in state.
 His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast.
 The stars, with deep amaze,
 Remain in stedfast gaze.
 Jehovah is, of gods, the first and last.
 Great Dagon is, of gods, the first and last.

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

(No. 6.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF EXETER.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12th, 1788.

A C T I.

OVERTURE 7th. (*Opera 7^{ma}*) *Martini.*

RECIT. The praise of Bacchus.
AIR and CHORUS. Bacchus, } (*Alexander's Feast.*) } *Handel.*
ever fair and young.

SONG. Jehovah, to my word. (*Occasional Oratorio*) *Handel.*

CONCERTO 7th. (*Opera 4th*) *Avison.*

SONG. The Prince unable. (*Alexander's Feast.*) *Handel.*

TE DEUM. *Purcel.*

A C T II.

OVERTURE. (*Tamerlane.*) *Handel.*

SONG and CHORUS. In sweetest harmony. (*Saul*) *Handel.*

SONG. Sè non ti moro allato. *Hasse.*

CHORUS. Fallen is the foe. (*Judas Maccabæus.*) *Handel.*

SONG. Falsa immagine m'ingannasti. (*Otho.*) *Handel.*

CONCERTO 6th. (*From his Solos.*) *Geminiani.*

SONG. Ah se ancor mia tu fei *Hasse.*

CHORUS. When his loud voice. (*Jephtha.*) *Handel.*

N. B. The next CONCERT will be on WEDNESDAY the 2d of April.

(13)

A C T

REPORT OF THE HARTFORD

THE

OF THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

A C T I.

RECITATIVE. Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

THE praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes,
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shews his honest face ;
 Now give the hautboys breath, he comes ! he comes !

A I R. Mr. P A R R Y. *Handel.*

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Bacchus' bleffings are a treasure ;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

S O N G. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Handel.

Jehovah, to my word give ear,
 My meditations weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear ;
 To thee alone, my God, I pray.

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E.

Handel.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair,
 Who caus'd his care,
And figh'd and look'd, and figh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast :
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair,
 Who caus'd his care,
And figh'd and look'd, and figh'd again.

T E D E U M.

T E D E U M.

Purcel.

WE praise thee, O God : we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee : the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud : the heavens and all the powers
therein.

To thee the cherubin and seraphim continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of sabaoth,

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty : of thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles : praise thee ;

The goodly fellowship of the prophets : praise thee ;

The noble army of martyrs : praise thee ;

The holy church throughout all the world : doth acknowledge
thee ;

The Father of an infinite majesty ;

Thine honourable, true : and only son :

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the king of glory : O Christ ;

Thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man : thou didst not
abhor the virgin's womb ;

B

When.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death : thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou fittest at the right hand of God : in the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come : to be our judge :

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants : whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood ;

Make them to be numbered with thy saints : in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people : and bless thine heritage ;

Govern them : and lift them up for ever.

Day by day : we magnify thee ;

And we worship thy name : ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy upon us ;

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us : as our trust is in thee ;

O Lord, in thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

A I R, Madame M A R A, and C H O R U S. *Handel.*

IN sweetest harmony they liv'd,
 Nor death their union could divide;
 The pious son ne'er left his father's side,
 But him defending bravely died;
 A loss too great to be surviv'd.
 For Saul, ye maids of Israel, mourn,
 To whose indulgent care
 You owe the scarlet and the gold you wear,
 And all the pomp in which your beauty long has shone.

C H O R U S.

Oh, fatal day, how low the mighty lie!
 Oh, Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die!
 For thy king and people slain.

A I R.

(8)

A I R.

For thee, my brother Jonathan,
How great is my distress !
What language can my grief express;
Great was the pleasure I enjoy'd with thee,
And more than woman's love thy wond'rous love to me !

C H O R U S.

Oh, fatal day, how low the mighty lie !
Where, Israel, is thy glory fled ?
Spoil'd of thy arms, and sunk in infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping head ?

S O N G. Mr. H A R R I S O N. *Haſſe.*

Sè non ti moro allato
Idolo del cor mio,
Col tuo bel nome amato
Frà Labbri io morirò
Addio, mia vita.
Addio, Rammenta
Il mio fato
Barbara no fon io
Delitto in fen non hò.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

Fall'n is the foe.—So fall thy foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword.

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E.

Falsa immagine m'ingannasti
Mi mostrasti un volto amabile
E quel volto m'allettò
Or cessato il dolce inganno
Trovo orrore trovo affanno
Trovo gioie il cor sperò.

S O N G. Madame M A R A.

Haffé.

Ah se ancor mia tu fei
Come trovar si poco
Sai negli sguardi miei
Q'uel ch' io non posso dir.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

When his loud voice in thunder spoke,
With conscious fear the billows broke,
Observant of his dread command :
In vain they roll their foaming tide,
Confin'd by that great pow'r
That gave them strength to roar.
They now contract their boist'rous pride,
And lash with idle rage the laughing strand.

END OF THE SIXTH CONCERT.

(No. 7.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2d, 1788.

A C T I.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Siroe.</i>)	Handel.
DUET and CHORUS.	Fear no danger.	Purcel.
RECIT. and SONG.	Berenice, ove sei? (<i>Lucio Vero.</i>)	Fomelli.
AIR and CHORUS.	Tyrants would. (<i>Athalia.</i>)	Handel.
CONCERTO 4th.	(<i>Opera Quinta.</i>)	Martini.
RECIT. and AIR.	Ecco il fin de miei mali.	Valentini.
JUBILATE.		Purcel.

A C T II.

CONCERTO 10th.		Corelli.
SONG.	Ogni Amanti.	Scarlatti.
RECIT.	Glorious and happy.	
AIR and CHORUS.	Since the race of time begun.	} <i>Joseph.</i> { Handel.
RECIT.	Blest be the Lord.	
SONG.	What though I trace.	} (<i>Solomon.</i>) { Handel.
CONCERTO 1st.	(<i>Opera 7th.</i>)	Geminiani.
SONG.	Vo folcando.	Vinci.
Last CHORUS	in Stabat Mater.	Baron Astorga.

1833

CONCERT

OF THE

DUET and CHORUS The MR. BURMAN

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

(3)

A C T I.

DUET. and CHORUS. The Miss ABRAMS.

Purcel.

FEAR no danger to ensue,
The hero loves as well as you ;
Ever gentle, ever smiling,
And the cares of life beguiling :
Cupid strew your paths with flowers,
Gather'd from elysian bowers.

B 2

RECIT.

RECIT. and ARIA. Signora STORACE.

Fomelli.

Berenice, ove sei?
 Qual lugubre apparato
 Di Spavento, e di lutto?
 Qual di tenebre e d'ombre
 Reggia dolente e fiera?
 Forse quì di Tieste
 Si rinovan le Cene, e langue il giorno
 Fuggitivo così, perchè tra queste,
 Soglie, funeste, oh Dio!
 Trucidato morì l'Idolo mio!
 Oime sogno O son desta
 Odo—o parmi d'udir—la voce—il pianto—
 Del moribondo Sposo?—ahi son pur questi
 Gemiti di chi langue
 Singulti di chi spira—E quell' oscura
 Caligine profonda,
 De là s'inalza, e mostra
 Non so qual simulacro a gli occhj miei—
 Quella—sì quella—Oh Dei già la ravviso,
 E del mio Vologeso
 L'ombra mesta e dolente?
 Ah barbaro Tiranno
 Il mio sposo uccidesti
 Io non m'inganno.

A R I A

(5)

A R I A.

Ombra, che pallida
Fai quì soggiorno;
Larva che squallida
Mi giri intorno
Perchè mi chiami?
Che vuoi da me?
Se pace brami
Ombra infelice
In Berenice no pace non v' è.

A I R. Madame M A R A.

Handel.

Tyrants would, in impious throngs,
Silence his adorer's songs;
But shall Salem's lyre and lute,
At their proud commands be mute?

C H O R U S.

Tyrants, ye in vain conspire;
Wake the lute and strike the lyre.
Why should Salem's lyre and lute,
At their proud commands be mute?

C

RECIT.

RECIT. and AIR. Madame M A R A. *Valentini.*

Ecco il fin de miei mali
 Ah già ti veggio pallida morte
 Orrenda venermi intorno
 E i turbidi ocche ardente
 Fissarmi in volto.
 E minacciarmi irata,
 Ma quale orrido gelo
 Per le vene mi scorre
 E, intorna al core
 Lungi da questo petto
 Vile, imbelle timor,
 Povero Padre
 Quanto farai dolente
 Dell' acerba mia morte
 Almen Poteffi su la Paterna mano
 Pria de spirar
 Frà gli ultimi momenti
 Facendo nota l' innocentza mia
 Teneri imprimer freddi bacci estremo;
 Ah barbaro, ah spietato!
 Sposa infedele! su vieni
 Il Sangue mio versa tu stesso
 Ah chi mai dissi oh Dio?

A R I A.

(7)

A R I A.

Io t' amo ò Caro
Benche infedele
Perdona oh amaro.
Destino crudele!
Non hò riposo
Moro innocente,
Perdo lo sposo
E alcun non sente
Di me pieta.

J U B I L A T E.

Purcel.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands : serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God ; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves : we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise : be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name.

For

For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting : and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

Scarlatti.

OGNI amante puo dirsi guerriero
 Che diversa da quella di marte
 Non è molto la scuola d'amor
 Quello adopra lusinghe ed' inganni
 Questo inventa l'infidie è gl'aguati
 E si scorda gl'affanni passati,
 L'uno è L'altro quando è vincitor.

RECIT. Mr. PARRY.

Handel.

Glorious and happy is thy lot, O Zaphna!
 Join'd to such sweetness, dignity, and virtue.

A I R.

Since the race of time begun,
 Since the birth-day of the sun,
 Ne'er was so much wisdom found
 With such matchless lustre crown'd.

C H O R U S.

Swift our numbers, swiftly roll,
 Waft the news from pole to pole;
 Asenath with Zaphna's join'd,
 Joy and peace to all mankind!

D

RECIT.

RECIT. Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

Blest be the Lord, who look'd with gracious eyes,
Upon his vassal's humble sacrifice ;
And has, with an approving smile,
My work o'erpaid, and grac'd the pile.

S O N G.

What though I trace each herb and flow'r
That drinks the morning dew,
Did I not own Jehovah's pow'r,
How vain were all I knew?

S O N G. Madame M A R A. *Vinci.*

Vo folcando un mar crudele,
Senza vele, e senza farte ;
Freme l' onda, il ciel s' imbruna,
Cresce il vento, e manca l' arte,
E il voler della fortuna
Son costretto a seguitar.
Infelice in questo stato
Son da tutti abbandonato ;
Meco e sola l' Innocenza
Che me porta a naufragar.

Da Capo.

(II)


C H O R U S.

Afforga.

Christe, cum sitiam exire,
Da per matrem me venire,
Ad palmam victoriæ:
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut anima donetur,
Paradisi gloriâ.

A M E N.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

 SIGNORA STORACE's *Benefit, at these Rooms, is fixed for
the Week after the LAST Concert.*

(11)
C H O R U S

Chorus, cum choro
Deus in excelsis
Al psalmi y fons
Quando corpus spiritus
Fac ut anima donetur
Paradi gloria
A.M.E.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

The concert of the 11th of June, at the Theatre, in the
the 11th of June, at the Theatre, in the

(No. 8.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BART.
FOR THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9th, 1788.

A C T I.

OVERTURE 2d..	<i>Martini.</i>
DUET. <i>Mà come amar?</i> (<i>Muzio Scævola.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
The PASSIONS (<i>Solomon.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. <i>Ombra Cara.</i> (<i>Rhadamistus.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO 9th.	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. <i>Di cor mio.</i> (<i>Alcina</i> .)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. <i>He gave them hailstones.</i> (<i>Israel in Egypt</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

A C T II.

CONCERTO 1st.	<i>Corelli.</i>
SONG. <i>The prince, unable.</i> (<i>Alexander's Feast</i>).	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. <i>O God who in thy heavenly.</i> (<i>Joseph.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. <i>Ah mio cor.</i> (<i>Alcina.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO 6th. (<i>Opera 2d.</i>)	<i>Geminiani.</i>
SONG. <i>Cara sposa.</i> (<i>Rhadimistus.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
<i>The Lord shall reign.</i> (<i>Israel in Ægypt.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

(2)

2

1870

LETTER TO MR. ABRAMS

M

Dear Sir,

Yours

A C T I.

DUETTO. Miss ABRAMS. *Handel.*

Clelia. **M**A' come amar?
Muzio. Torna ad'amar!

C. E come mai fidar

M. Perche non ti fidar

C. La mia gran fedelta

M. Fu Sola fedelta

C. A cosi poca fè.

M. Il mio mancar di fè.

C. Sento ch' amor
Vuol albettarmi àncor
Ma l'alma ancor non sà
Come fidarsi a te

M. Al suo gran cor
Ceder si bell' onor
Non generosita
Forza d'amor sol è.

RECIT.

THE PASSIONS.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

Sweep sweep the strings, to sooth the royal fair,
And rouse the passion to th' alternate air.

AIR and CHORUS.

Musick spread thy voice around,
Sweetly flow the lulling sound.

AIR and CHORUS.

Now a diff'rent measure try,
Shake the dome and pierce the sky :
Rouse us next to martial deeds,
Clanking arms and neighing steeds :
Seem in fury to oppose—
Now the hard-fought battle glows.

RECIT. and CHORUS.

Then, at once, from rage remove,
Draw the tear from hopeless love ;
Lengthen out the solemn air,
Full of death and wild despair.

RECIT.

(3)

R E C I T.

Next the tortur'd soul release,
And the mind restore to peace.

A I R and C H O R U S.

Thus rolling surges rise,
And plough the troubled main;
But soon the tempest dies,
And all is calm again.

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E. *Handel.*

Ombra cara,
Di mia sposa,
Deh riposa
E lieta aspetta
La vendetta
Che farò,
E poi tosto ove tu fai,
Mi vedrai venire a volo
E fedel t'abbracciero.

B

S O N G.

(6)

S O N G. Madame M A R A. *Handel.*

Di, cor mio, quanto t' amai.
Mostra il Bosco, il Fonte, il Rio
Dove tacqui, e sospirai
Pria di chiederti mercè.
Dove fissa ne' miei rai,
Sospirando al sospir mio,
Mi dicesti con un sguardo
Peno, ed ardo al par di tè.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

He gave them hailstones for rain ; fire, mingled with the hail,
ran along upon the ground.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E. *Handel.*

THE prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And Sigh'd and look'd, and figh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast :
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And Sigh'd and look'd, and figh'd again.

C

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

O God, who in thy heav'nly hand
Dost hold the hearts of mighty kings,
O take thy Jacob, and his land,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
Thou know'st our wants before our pray'r,
Then let us not confounded be ;
Thy tender mercies let us share,
O Lord, we trust alone in thee.

S O N G. Madame M A R A.

Handel.

Ah! mio cor! schernito sei
Stelle! Dei! Nume d' Amore!
Traditore! t' amo tanto ;
Puoi lasciarmi sola in pianto,
Oh Dei! perchè?
Ma che fà gemendo Alcina?
Son Regina, e tempo ancora?
Resti, O Mora. Peni sempre,
O torni a me.

Da Capo.

S O N G.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

Cara sposa, amato bene
Prendi speme
Che non sempre irato il cielo
Volgerà lo sdegno in me.
Sgombro oh Dio dal nobil core,
Il dolore,
Ch'il vederti lagrimare,
Fà tremar lo spirto e'l pie. *Da Capo.*

C H O R U S.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECITATIVE. Mr. HARRISON.

For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots, and with his horsemen, into the sea; and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them; but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

C H O R U S.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT.


RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them.

A I R. Madame M A R A, and C H O R U S.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH CONCERT.

 SIGNORA STORACE's Benefit, at these Rooms, is fixed for
the Week after the LAST Concert.

(No 9.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD VISCOUNT FITZWILLIAM.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16th, 1788.

A C T I.

OVERTURE. (*Tamerlane.*) *Handel.*
SONG. To God our strength. } *Occasional Orat.* { *Handel.*
CHORUS. Prepare the hymn. }
SONG. O Care parolette (*Orlando.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 11th. *Corelli.*
RECIT. 'Tis done ; thus I exert. } *Acis & Galatea.* } *Handel.*
SONG. Heart, thou feat. }
CONCERTO 6th. (*Opera 3d.*) *Geminiani.*
CHORUS. Then round about the starry throne.
(*Samson.*) *Handel.*

A C T II.

CHORUS. No more to Ammon's god. (*Jephtha.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Rendi il fereno. (*Sofarme.*) *Handel.*
CONCERT 5th. (*Corelli.*) *Geminiani.*
SONG. Finche un zeffiro. (*Ætius.*) *Handel.*
QUARTET. and CHORUS. Kindly treat Maria's day.
(*Ode on Queen Mary's birth-day.*) *Purcel.*
SONG. Falsa imagine. (*Otho.*) *Handel.*
ANTHEM. My heart is enditing. *Handel.*

1883

THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

OF THE TOWN

A C T I.

SONG. Mr. PARRY.

Handel.

TO God, our strength, sing loud and clear,
Sing loud to God our king,
To Jacob's God, that all may hear
Loud acclamations ring.

C H O R U S.

Prepare the hymn, prepare the song,
The timbrel hither bring;
To cheerful psaltry bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.

SONG

A C T I.

SONG. Mr. PARRY.

Handel.

TO God, our strength, sing loud and clear,
Sing loud to God our king,
To Jacob's God, that all may hear
Loud acclamations ring.

C H O R U S.

Prepare the hymn, prepare the song,
The timbrel hither bring;
To cheerful psaltry bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.

SONG

SONG. Sig. S T O R A C E.

Handel.

O Care parolette O dolci sguardi
Sebben fiete bugiardi
Tanto vi crederó
Má poi che far potro
Allor che troppo tardi
Jo vi connofcero

Da Capo.

R E C I T. Madame M A R A.

Handel.

'Tis done; thus I exert my pow'r divine,
Be thou immortal though thou art not mine.

A I R.

Heart, thou feat of soft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright!
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a chrystal flood;
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows,
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.

A I R.

(3)

C H O R U S.

Handel.

Then round about the starry throne
Of Him who ever rules alone
Your heav'nly-guided soul shall climb;
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With glory crown'd, for ever fit,
And triumph over death, and thee, O time.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

B

A C T II.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

No more to Ammon's god and king,
Fierce Moloch, shall our cymbals ring,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue,
Chemosh no more
Will we adore
With timbrell'd anthems, to Jehovah due.

S O N G. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Handel.

Rendi il fereno al ciglio,
Madre non pianger più.
Temer d'alcun periglio
Oggi come puoi tu?

Da Capo.

S O N G.

SONG. Madame M A R A.

Handel.

Finche un zeffiro soave
Tien del mar L'ira placata
Ogni nave è fortunata
E felice ogni nocchier
E ben prove de corraggio
In contrar l'onde funeste
Navigar tra le tempeste
E non perder il sentier.

Da Capo.

QUARTETTO, and CHORUS.

Purcell.

Kindly treat Maria's day,
And your homage 'twill repay.
Bequeathing blessings on our isle,
The tedious minutes to beguile;
'Till conquest to Maria's arms restore
Peace, and her hero, to depart no more.

C

A I R.

AIR, Signora STORACE.

Handel.

Falsa imagine m'ingannisti
Mi mostrasti un volto amabile
E quel volto m'allettò
Or cessato il dolce inganno
Trovo orrore trovo affanno
Ove gioie il cor sperò.

A N T H E M.

Handel.

My heart is enditing of a good matter ; I speak of the things
which I have made touching the king.

Kings daughters were among thy honourable women.

Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in vesture of gold ;
and the king shall have pleasure in thy beauty.

Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing
mothers.

END OF THE NINTH CONCERT.

(No. 10.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF SANDWICH,
FOR LORD VISCOUNT DUDLEY AND WARD.

CONCERT OF ANTIEN T MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23d, 1788.

A C T I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (<i>Saul.</i>)		<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Oft on a plat.	} <i>L' Allegro.</i> }	<i>Handel.</i>
RECIT. If I give thee.		
AIR. Let me wander.		
SONG. Or let the merry bells.		
CHORUS. And young and old.		
CONCERTO 3d. (<i>Opera 4th.</i>)		<i>Avison.</i>
SONG. Dove sei. (<i>Rodelinda.</i>)		<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. Gloria in excelsis.		<i>Pergolesi.</i>
RECIT. Vinse al fin.	} (<i>Alexander.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
ARIA. Ah no, non voler.		
CHORUS. For unto us a Child. (<i>Messiah.</i>)		<i>Handel.</i>

A C T II.

AIR. and CHORUS. Softly rise. (<i>Solomon.</i>)		<i>Boyce.</i>
SONG. Verdi prati. (<i>Alcina.</i>)		<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO 2d. (<i>Opera 8th.</i>)		<i>Martini.</i>
SONG. Men fedele. (<i>Alexander.</i>)		<i>Handel.</i>
RECIT. Search round the world.	} (<i>Solomon.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. May no rash intruder.		
RECIT. Ye sacred priests.	} <i>Jephtha.</i>	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Farewell ye limped springs.		
Hallelujah! for the Lord God. (<i>Messiah.</i>)		<i>Handel.</i>

A C T I.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

OF T on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow, with fullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

R E C I T. Signora S T O R A C E.

If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

A I R.

A I R.

Handel.

Let me wander, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green:
 There the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe;
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

S O N G.

Or let the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the checker'd shade.

C H O R U S.

And young and old come forth to play,
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail.
 Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creep,
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd to sleep.

S O N G.

S O N G. Madame M A R A.

Handel.

Dove fei amato bene
Vieni l' alma a consolar ;
Sono oppresso da tormenti,
Ed i miei crudi lamenti
Sol con te posso bear.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Pergolesi.

Gloria in excelsis, Deo gloria ; et in terra pax, hominibus
bona voluntas.

R E C I T. Signor M A R C H E S I.

Handel.

Vinse al fin la belta, langiato o forte,
Con la vezzosa prigioniera
A vinto, son Io ne suoi lacci ;
Ella e disciolta ;
Ah non partir, M'ascolta ;
Idol mio dove fei ?
Ma con rapido passo partisti, e forse
Ahi lasso ! per non voler piu riverder mi
Oh Dei ! che giova che le futere etadi
Mi chiameran conquislader del mondo ;
Se abbandonato, misero, e lanquente
Non ò in questo presente
Un momento, O crudel, per te giocondo.

B.

A R I A.

(6)

A R I A.

Ah nò non voler mio ben
Ah nò non penfar. Nemmen
Quest' alma abbandonar
Lontan da tà morri.
Ah nò mio ben mia vita
Ah nò non mi lasciar.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the
government shall be upon his shoulder : and his name shall be
called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting
Father, the Prince of Peace.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

AIR, Mr. HARRISON, and CHORUS. *Dr Boyce.*

SOFTLY rise, O southern breeze,
And kindly fan the blooming trees;
Upon my spicy garden blow,
That sweets from ev'ry part may flow.

CHORUS.

Ye southern breezes, gently blow,
That sweets from ev'ry part may flow.

SONG. Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

Verdi prati, e selve amene
Perderete labeltà.
Vaghe fior, corrénti Rivi,
La vaghezza, la bellezza
Presto in voi si cangerà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto
All'orror del primo aspetto
Tutto in voi ritornera.

C

SONG.

SONG. Signor MARCHESI.

Handel.

Men fedele e men costante
Finge il labbro e non il cor
Ma son vinto son amante
D'un amabile belta
Una sol quel' alma adorra
Ma scoprir no' l' deggio ancor
La crudel che m'innamora
Non lo dice e pur lo sà.

Da Capo.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

Search round the world, there never yet was seen
So wise a monarch or so bright a queen.

CHORUS.

Handel.

May no rash intruder disturb their soft hours ;
To form fragrant pillows, arise, O ye flowers ;
Ye zephyrs, soft breathing, their slumbers prolong,
While nightingales lull them to sleep with their song.

RECIT.

RECIT. and SONG. Madame M A R A. *Handel.*

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were stain'd
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call
Of Heav'n with humble resignation I obey.

S O N G.

Farewell ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads, and mazy woods;
Farewell thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain:
Brighter scenes I seek above
In the realms of peace and love.

C H O R U S.

Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The
kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord,
and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever,
King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah!

END OF THE TENTH CONCERT.

SIGNORA STORACE *having engaged to perform at the CONCERT of ANTIENT MUSIC without any other Consideration than that of a FREE BENEFIT, the Directors take the Liberty to inform you, that WEDNESDAY the 14th of MAY is FIXED upon for HER NIGHT; and beg Leave to recommend her to your Protection.*

✍ Such persons as are desirous of continuing Subscribers to the CONCERT of ANTIENT MUSIC, the next year, are requested to send their names, in writing, to SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, Bart. St. James's Square, on or before Wednesday, the 14th of May, 1788.

(No. 11.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BART.
FOR LORD GREY DE WILTON.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30th, 1788.

A C T I.

OVERTURE	(<i>Ptolomy.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
DUETTO.	Ah mia Cara. (<i>Floridante.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS.	See the proud chief. (<i>Deborah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG.	How blest the maid. (<i>Hercules.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO	4th.	<i>Corelli.</i>
SONG.	Caro mio bene addio	<i>Hassé.</i>
ANTHEM.	Have mercy.	<i>Handel.</i>

A C T II.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Pharomond.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
RECIT.	De quel maffo.	} (<i>Pelligrini al Sepolcro.</i>) <i>Hassé.</i>
SONG.	Viva fonte.	
RECIT. MARCH and CHORUS.		
	Glory to God. (<i>Joshua.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG.	Piangerò 'la forte mia. (<i>Julius Cæsar.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
4th CONCERTO.	(<i>From his solos.</i>)	<i>Geminiani.</i>
SONG.	Oh liberty. (<i>Judas Machabæus.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
ANTHEM.	The king shall rejoice.	<i>Handel.</i>

111

10-11

THE WINTER OF 1911

1911-1912

1912-1913

1913-1914

1914-1915

1915-1916

1916-1917

1917-1918

1918-1919

1919-1920

1920-1921

1921-1922

1922-1923

1923-1924

1924-1925

1925-1926

1926-1927

1927-1928

1928-1929

1929-1930

1930-1931

1931-1932

1932-1933

1933-1934

1934-1935

1935-1936

1936-1937

1937-1938

1938-1939

1939-1940

1940-1941

1941-1942

1942-1943

A C T I.

D U E T T O. The Miss A B R A M S. *Handel.*

Flo. **A**H mia Cara, se tu resti
Infelice a morte io vo.

El. Ah mio Caro, se tu parti;
Per l'affanno io morirò

El. Altra Spene. *Flo.* Altro Bene
Se non te, cor mio, non hò.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

See the proud chief advances now,
With fullen march and gloomy brow
Jacob arise, assert thy God,
And scorn oppression's iron rod.

SONG.

SONG. Signora S T O R A C E. *Handel.*

How blest the maid ordain'd to dwell
 With sweet content in humble cell,
 From Cities far remov'd;
 By murm'ring rills on verdant plains,
 To tend the flocks with village swains,
 By ev'ry swain belov'd:
 Though low, yet happy in that low estate,
 And safe from ills which on a princess wait.

SONG. Madame M A R A.

Caro mio bene addio,
 Perdona a chi t'adora;
 So 'che t'offesi allora,
 Ch'io dubitai di te.

ANTHEM.

A N T H E M.

Handel.

V E R S E and C H O R U S.

Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness;
according to the multitude of thy mercies, do away my
offences.

D U E T T O.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me
from my sin.

R E C I T A T I V E.

For I acknowledge my faults, and my sin is ever before me.

S O L O V E R S E.

Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy
sight, that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear
when thou art judged.

C H O R U S.

(6)

C H O R U S.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

S O L O V E R S E.

Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me: cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirit from me.

O give me the comfort of thy help again, and 'stablish me with thy free spirit.

C H O R U S.

Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

LE C I T. Signora S T O R A C E.

Hafse.

Di quel maffo al efempio
Spezzati o duro core
O monte o croce
O rimembranza
O immenza
Del Redentor bonta
Compagni al fuolo
Chi di noi profternato
Non detefta la colpa
Cagion di tanto duolo.
E' à pie del faffo
Che del fangue divin
L'ultime ftille di raccoglièr
Fú degno con ingrata Pupille
Formar chi ardifce
Al lagrimar ritegno.

A R I A.

A R I A:

Viva fonte fia la fronte
E' trabocchi da quest' occhi
Destemprato in pianto il cor.
Quanto sangue tu versasti
Sparger lagrime desio
Ma da noi dolce mio Dio
Piu ancor che lagrime
Tu chi e de amor.

R E C I T A T I V E, Mr. H A R R I S O N.

'Tis well; fit times the Lord hath been obey'd;
Low in the dust the town shall soon be laid,
Now the seventh sun the gilded domes adorns,
Sound the shrill trumpets, shout, and blow the horns.

M A R C H and C H O R U S.

Handel.

Glory to God ; the strong-cemented walls,
The tottering tow'rs, the pond'rous ruin falls ;
The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
Heaven thunders, tempests roar, and groans the ground !

S O N G.

S O N G. Madame M A R A.

Handel.

Piangeró la forte mia.
Sí crudele e tanto ria
Finché vita in petto avró
Ma poi morta d' ogni intorno
Il tiranno e notte e giorno
Fatta spettro agiterò.

S O N G. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Handel.

O Libery, thou choicest treasure,
Seat of virtue, source of pleasure;
Life without thee knows no blessing,
No endearment worth careffing.

A N T H E M.

Handel.

The king shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord; exceeding
glad shall he be of thy salvation.

Glory, great worship hast thou laid upon him: Thou hast
prevented him with the blessings of goodness, and hast set a
crown of pure gold upon his head.

Hallelujah.

END OF THE ELEVENTH CONCERT.

SIGNORA STORACE *having engaged to perform at the CONCERT of ANTIENT MUSIC without any other Consideration than that of a FREE BENEFIT, the Directors take the Liberty to inform you, that WEDNESDAY the 14th of MAY is FIXED upon for HER NIGHT; and beg Leave to recommend her to your Protection.*

✎ Such persons as are desirous of continuing Subscribers to the CONCERT of ANTIENT MUSIC, the next year, are requested to send their names, in writing, to SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, Bart. St. James's Square, on or before Wednesday, the 14th of May, 1788.

(No. 12.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BART.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7th, 1788.

A C T I.

OVERTURE (*Semele.*)

SONG. Vil Trofeo. (*Porus.*)

CHORUS. From the censer. (*Solomon.*)

SONG. Fonte amiche aure leggiere. (*Ptolomy.*)

6th GRAND CONCERTO.

SONG. Fond flatt'ring world. (*Theodora.*)

ANTHEM. Let God arise.

A C T II.

2d HAUTBOY CONCERTO.

SONG. Se il Ciel mi divide, (*Porus.*)

DUET and CHORUS. We never will bow down.

RECIT. Why by an angel. } (*Sampson.*)

SONG. Torments alas.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS.

Ye sons of Israel. (*Joshua.*)

12th GRAND CONCERTO.

RECIT. Thrice happy Israel. } (*Israel in Egypt.*)

SONG. When the sun.

CHORUS. Worthy is the Lamb. (*Messiah.*)

HANDEL.

CONCORDANCE OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

A C T I.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

VIL Trofeo d'un alma imbelle
E quel ciglio allor che piange;
Io non venni infino al Gange
Le Donzelle a debellar.
Ho rossor di quegli allori
Che non han frà miei sudori
Comminciato a germogliar.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

From the censer curling rise
Grateful incense to the skies;
Heaven blesses David's throne,
Happy, happy Solomon.

2d C H O R U S.

Live, live for ever, pious David's son;
Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.

SONG.

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E. *Handel.*

Fonte amiche aure leggiere
Mormorando
Suffurando
Voi mi dite ch' Io godrò.

Da Capo.

S O N G. Madame M A R A. *Handel.*

Fond, flatt'ring world adieu!
Thy gaily smiling pow'r,
Empty treasures,
Fleeting pleasures,
Ne'er shall tempt or charm me more;
Faith inviting,
Hope delighting,
Nobler joys we now pursue.

A N T H E M.

(3)

A N T H E M.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered, let them also that hate him flee before him.

A I R.

Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away.

D U E T.

O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his name.

A I R.

Let the righteous be glad, and rejoice before God; let them also be merry and joyful.

C H O R U S.

Praised be the Lord. Blessed be God.

HALLELUJAH.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Royal Society of Musicians.

Under the Patronage of

THEIR MAJESTIES,

And under the Direction of

The Earl of UXBIDGE, Honorary President.

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS

The Marquis of CARMARTHEN,

The Earl of EXETER,

The Earl of SANDWICH,

Lord Viscount DUDLEY and WARD,

Lord Viscount FITZWILLIAM,

Lord GREY DE WILTON,

Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, Bart.

JOAH BATES, Esquire,

Will be performed in

The PANTHEON,

On FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1788,

A C T II.

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E.

Handel.

Se il Ciel mi divide,
Dal caro mio sposo,
Perche non m' uccide
Pietoso il dolor ?
Divisa un momento
Dal dolce tesoro,
Non vivo, non moro ;
Ma provo il tormento
D' un viver penoso
D' un lungo martor.

Da Capo.

C

D U E T.

(10)

D U E T. The Miss A B R A M S.

Handel.

O never, never bow we down
To the rude stock or sculptur'd stone :
But ever worship Isr'el's God,
Ever obedient to his nod.

C H O R U S.

We never, never will bow down,
To the rude stock or sculptur'd stone.—
We worship God and God alone.

R E C I T. Mr. H A R R I S O N. *Handel.*

Why by an angel was my birth foretold ;
If I must die, betray'd and captiv'd thus,
The scorn and gaze of foes !—O cruel thought !
My griefs find no redress ; they inward prey,
Like gangreen'd wounds, immedicable grown.

S O N G.

(II)

S O N G.

Torments, alas ! are not confin'd
To heart, or head, or breast ;
But will a secret passage find
Into the very inmost mind,
With pains intense oppress'd,
That rob the soul itself of rest.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS.

Handel.

Ye sons of Israel, every tribe attend,
Let grateful songs and hymns to heaven ascend ;
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's banks, proclaim
One First, one Great, one Lord JEHOVAH's name.

RECIT. Accompanied. Madame MARA. *Handel.*

Thrice happy Israel, in the light of God,
Well may'st thou now take up thy song and say
Hail holy light ! off-spring of heav'n, first born,
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the sun,
Before the heav'ns, thou wert ; and as the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

A I R.

A I R.

When the sun, o'er yonder hills,
Pours in tides the golden day;
Or, when quivering o'er the rills,
In the West he dies away.
He shall ever hear me sing
Praises to the Eternal King.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us
to God by his blood, to receive power and riches, and wis-
dom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto him that
sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and
ever! Amen.

END OF THE TWELFTH CONCERT.



☞ Such persons as are desirous of continuing Subscribers to the
CONCERT of ANTIENT MUSIC, the next year, are requested
to send their names, in writing, to SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS
WYNN, Bart. St. James's Square, on or before Wednesday, the
14th of May, 1788.

